

SONG.

Oh! Gerard you are an unworthy man,
And up to your nose we've brought the wran,
The wren's the man as you may see,
The Guardian of our Liberty

Sing Holly, Sing Ivy. Sing Ivy, Sing Holly,
Provincial notes wasted you'll find is a folly,
Elections come once in seven years,
And this last bout has put Gerard in-tears,

Of the fight now Mellish is grown quite sick,
His strength is burned down to the end of the *week*,
So much for taking that side called the Lee,
Our wran is untouched by Apostacy.

Sing salters, and pickling boys, and cellermen all;
Your turn-coat master has now got a fall,
Remember your appetites once he did balk,
By taking the *Contract* down to *Dundalk*

Your feet are all tore, from hunting the wran,
Your hearts are all sore for you drained to a man,
Your last address our confidence did awaken,
All the salt in St. Ubes won't save your bacon.

Sing Cheeks, sing Tails, sing *Pigs Crubeens* ;
You've nothing left now but to take to your heels
For the wran will so nobly carry the fight,
That we'll soon extinguish your "New Light"

Now Darby you may do all you can,
But you'll not beat the Peoples man,
For he's a branch of that great Tree,
The Guardian of our Liberty,

Sing Harry Uppington, Sing the fate
Of Gerard who like you of late,
Will his own executioner prove,
Or from Sydney House, run to Sydney Cove;